

The Woman's Column.

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The Woman's Column.

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THE YOUNG VOTERS.

It is estimated that 4,500,000 young men will cast their first votes for President of the United States next November. Our attention is furthermore called to the fact that these young voters constitute about one-sixth of the whole number, and that a change of one-twentieth of the votes would generally be enough to turn the scale; hence, that the young men who have never voted for President before will actually hold the balance of power in this election.

One of the common objections to equal suffrage is that it would bring in so many inexperienced voters. Waiving the point that the mothers of some of these young men have perhaps had as much experience of life as their sons, the fact remains that woman suffrage has never been granted by more than one State at a time (except in 1896, when two States adopted it simultaneously); and the adding of a number of inexperienced voters in one State, or even in two, could not be half so perilous to the country as putting the fate of the whole presidential election into the hands of "inexperienced voters." Yet no one sets forth in alarming colors the dangers of letting young men vote before they have gained experience of politics. In their case, the common-sense doctrine is recognized that they cannot get experience until they are allowed to try. But in the arguments over woman suffrage, we have a perpetual repetition of the old dialogue:

"O mother, may I go in to swim?"
"Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
And don't go near the water!"

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

REPUBLICAN WOMEN OF COLORADO.

The women who are doing active work in the Republican Women's League of Colorado are an object lesson on the fallacy of the claim that "the best women will not take part in politics." Among them is Mrs. A. J. Peavy, who was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction when the ballot was first given to Colorado women, and discharged the duties so well that this position has been held by a woman ever since. The *Denver Herald*, a journal published in German, said of her at the time:

Mrs. Peavy showed a zeal in performing her official duties hitherto unknown in State officials. Of unimpeachable devo-

tion to duty, and great integrity, upheld by firmness and uprightness of character, she not only attended to the duty of overseeing the teaching in the schools, but insisted that the business of the board should be handled in a proper manner. Often she was obliged to call the male members to book when they wished to lay on the table measures demanding much time and attention, while in her school-lands commission work she prevented many a bad swindle by her energetic investigation, and always protected the poor people against the greed of the more powerful. Our readers know that we have never been in favor of women in politics, and are not to-day; nevertheless, if the women of the State can put such officers in the field as Mrs. Peavy, to whom we can point as an example of immovable official integrity, then the women will be most welcome comrades in the fight against the corruption that disgraces our Republic.

Another active member of the League is Mrs. Fred Butler. This little lady will be remembered, by visitors to the biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Denver, as the most efficient promoter of the successful Pingree Gardens in that city, which have enabled hundreds of poor people to become self-supporting. Equally good women are working in the Democratic organization. It is women of this kind that the party needs in politics.

YOUNG QUEEN WILHELMINA.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, whose betrothal has just been announced was recently the central figure on a wonderfully spectacular holiday dear to the Dutch people. It was the assemblage and review in the Zuyder Zee of 1,600 fishing smacks, or one-third of the vessels engaged in the Dutch cod and herring trade. Men, women, and children connected with this industrial flotilla gathered by the thousand, dressed in gay and quaint costumes. Steamboats, launches and yachts were a-flutter with bunting and crowded with passengers, bands were playing, and on every boat the people were singing or dancing. The scene when the royal salute was begun by the guns on the fort is thus described by Julian Ralph:

"The queen! The queen!" was shouted by thousands, and in an instant the sixteen hundred masts changed from dead tree-trunks into eighty score tulip-stems, each blossoming gaudily with three flags—the red, white, and blue of Holland, a pennant to match it, and the blue or white or orange flag of whatever fishing fleet the boat belonged to. Literally, miles of the skyline were made gay and tremulous with these colors snapping in the wind.

Out from the shore came the virgin queen, in an exquisitely beautiful great rowboat of gold and white—a galley all snow-white, but beautifully relieved by figures in carved gold—figures of Neptune, of Ariadne, of Venus, of Aphrodite, of angels, of dolphins, and of Cupids. Under a canopy upheld by light fluted columns, that might have been newly carved out of solid gold, sat Wilhelmina, for whom the

multitude made itself hoarse. Whistles shrieked, bells rang, every fisherman hauled down his tulip-like blossom, and shot it back again to its place on its stem. And swiftly the galley of gold and white sped to the heart of the navy of her daring searchers of the sea. It stopped beside her royal yacht, and its eighteen oars stood straight in air as she ran up the steps with her royal mother, and both sat upon their queenly chairs, of red with golden crowns worked in the upper left-hand corner of the back.

Thus, like a true ruler of a seafaring people, she, upon her throne, rode up and down between the lines of boats, as Flora herself might ride the paths of a garden between her beds of flowers.

Queen Wilhelmina was all white, from hat to boots, and appeared like a great pearl in a setting of gold, or like a white lily amid the stems of a golden plant.

In contrast with the gala occasion above described was the ceremonial reopening of the States Parliament at The Hague last month. In the speech from the throne the youthful queen referred to the good relations with foreign countries, with the exception of China, and mentioned that the conventions of the Peace Congress had been ratified by almost all the Powers.

"I hope," she said, "that the international bureau of arbitration tribunal will shortly be opened here, and that it will fulfill the end for which it was founded, by assisting more peaceful settlement of the differences between nations, as a work of importance which cannot be too highly rated."

At the threshold of the Twentieth Century stands this fair young queen of the Netherlands, her clear, strong voice lifted for peace. FLORENCE M. ADKINSON.

THE FORTNIGHTLY.

The next Fortnightly of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association will be held at the headquarters, 3 Park Street, Boston, on Tuesday afternoon, October 23, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Emily A. Fildes, of the Boston School Board, will speak on "The Duty of Women to the Public Schools." Members admitted free, others on payment of 15 cents. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will preside.

FOUR NEW LEAFLETS.

Four new leaflets are now ready: "The Economic Basis of Woman Suffrage," by Mrs. Elizabeth Sheldon Tillinghast; "Women and City Government," by Mayor Jones, of Toledo; "Mrs. Johnson's Fallacies," by Ethel C. Avery; and the "Reply of the National Officers" to the manifesto presented to Congress by the Anti-Suffrage Association at the time of the last Washington Convention. The price of each leaflet is 15 cents per hundred.

Registration of women as voters for Boston school committee will begin Nov. 7, and will continue until Nov. 21.

AN EYE-OPENER.

BY HELEN MORRIS LEWIS.

[President North Carolina Equal Suffrage Association.]

"Is this the house?" anxiously inquired a young man who poked a wearied, tumbled-looking head out of a cab window.

"Bless me sowl, sir, but it's the number you give me!" replied the driver, tugging vigorously at the door-knob with one hand, while he executed with the other a lively tattoo upon the electric button.

Dark and forbidding looked the house, contrasted with the brilliantly illuminated mansions on one of Chicago's most fashionable boulevards. The chance of any response to this bombardment seemed so hopelessly remote that the cab-driver fairly tumbled against the sleepy old butler who finally opened the barricaded portals. So savagely did they glare at each other that the young man thought it a wise policy to divert their attention by asserting himself. "My name is Mr. Alfred Searle," he said, stepping between the ruffled parties. "This, I presume, is the residence of my cousin, Mrs. Calvin Symonds. If so, I know she expects me this evening."

"Shure, an' the fambly hev'n't towld me nuthin' 'bout your comin', sah!" growled the butler. "I guess it's all right, 'ow'er," he added, after "sizing up" the young man, whose *tout ensemble* impressed him with its air of distinguished elegance. "The lady she's away—speechifyin' in Iowa. The young ladies is to the club. Mr. Symonds 'll be home at midnight. You can step in, sah. This way to the kumpny chamber!"

Alfred felt very much as does the prisoner on his way to be electrocuted. When the door was shut, and he found himself alone in the great, cheerless room, his thoughts went rapidly back to his mother's home on the beautiful Combahe River in South Carolina, where the stranger was always welcome. How the pine knots flared and crackled! How soft was the radiance of wax candles! How sweet was the smile of his mother, who, with hands extended, stood at the threshold to greet her guests, and make them feel at home! The humblest visitor felt that he had received all the honor that could be bestowed upon a royal personage. "No doubt," he thought, "such receptions are out of fashion. I should not have expected a hospitality which has been the custom in my State since colonial times." It was some consolation to have heard that his Chicago cousins were exemplary, God-fearing people, who would go through fire and water to do their duty in life. Why, his mother had even belittled herself, in speaking of the nobility of Cousin Deborah's character. To no one else would she have entrusted her only child, to brave the pitfalls of the great Western metropolis while studying law. "My darling boy," she had said at parting, "my greatest comfort is the thought that you will enter a model home, where you will be protected, and never thrown in contact with such uprooters of home life as those notorious characters,

Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Chapman Catt, and others of their ilk." "Ah, well!" he sighed, "I have arrived here at a most unlucky time. When Cousin Deborah and the girls come in, of course it will be quite cheerful."

These reveries were at last broken by the announcement that "dinner was served." Mr. Symonds was already seated when Alfred entered the dining-room. He did not exert himself to rise, but extended a froggy hand, and in a very froggy voice hoped that Alfred would make himself at home and be seated. "I am sorry that circumstances beyond control compel my wife to be absent. Try some soup protose, Mr. Searle, with granose biscuit. I am a martyr to dyspepsia, and obliged to live on these health foods. Pass the Zwieback tablets, Mulligan. Nothing like these foods for digestion, sir; they will make a new man of you in no time."

Alfred felt quite averse to being made "a new man of." He was satisfied with his own personality, which he would have preferred with duck and soft-shell crabs; but as the only alternative was starvation, he gulped down the health foods, while Mr. Symonds, in a dismal monotone, said:

"Your Cousin Deborah is away on an anti-suffrage campaign. Since she has become interested in this heroic movement, she has abandoned home. I do not complain. I am willing to be consigned to solitude—to grass-widowerhood—in order that she may teach women to have no interests whatever outside the four walls of home. I am willing to endure martyrdom in order that other men may not have to lead the dog's life that I do."

Alfred found the philosophy of these remarks as difficult to swallow as the granose biscuit. He choked them down, however, and inquired about his young cousins. "I had hoped so much to make their acquaintance," he said.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Symonds, with surprised emphasis, "you surely do not suppose that my daughters are namby-pamby enough to endure the stagnating influence of home life! Oh, no! They are up-to-date girls, chock full of brains. They have their little clubs, their teams, their leagues, their societies. It would be unnatural for them to care for a humdrum dinner with their father. They go where they please. I don't interfere with them. My wife says it would never do to hamper their young lives with responsibilities. Girls must be girls! They have to sow their wild oats."

"A telegram, sir!" interrupted the butler.

Mr. Symonds tore it open. "Ah! from my spouse," he muttered. "I'll read it to you, Mr. Searle. 'Made the speech of my life to-night before the house committee of the Legislature. Feel confident we have utterly crushed the woman suffragists of Iowa.' Thank God for that! Ah! she adds that she will return home to-morrow."

"I am so much pleased to hear it," said Alfred, his handsome face brightening with a happy smile.

"Another dispatch, sir."

Mr. Symonds took it from Mulligan's hand. His countenance fell. "Tut, tut! Too bad, too bad! The manager of the Athletic Club informs me that Marjory

broke her ankle while practising in the gymnasium. At her request she has been sent to the Infirmary. I told Margie those trapeze bars were dangerous, but, of course, she paid no heed to me."

In gloomy silence the third and last course was placed upon the table. It consisted of nuts on the half shell, and unfermented grape juice. In the midst of it, there came a bounding, rushing sound from without, and in dashed a tall, rather good-looking, and rather remarkably attired young woman. She wore knickerbockers, leggings, a loose sack coat, a white shirt, and a four-in-hand tie. A stiff derby hat sat well down upon her closely shorn head. She whipped her hat off in a twinkling. "Well, old gov!" she said, "how are you getting along? And, by Jove, that young fellow must be my Cousin Alfred! What a shy-looking chap!"

"Oh, not so shy but that he will give you a kiss," said Alfred, starting up quickly, and putting his words into action.

"Look here, old fellow, don't try that again!" said Bettina, boxing him with one hand, and rubbing off the kiss with the other. "No impropriety, of course; but kissing has gone out of fashion. Too many microbes. Too much bacteria. My Hygiene Club has passed a law prohibiting kissing, and you dare come from the South to infect me with all the germs of swamp malaria? Why, we don't shake hands any longer—too dangerous! Too microby!"

"Sit down, Bettina. Compose yourself," said her father.

"Goodness, Popper! do you think I have time to waste? I'm going to a grilled dinner at the Lodge. After that, I am down for a speech at the Woman's Reform mass meeting. You can come there, Alfred. I am going to give a *singer* to our opponents! Really, it is necessary that the decent and respectable members of society exert themselves to subdue the anarchistic elements that are threatening to demolish the foundations of our homes. Think of it, Alfred! In our civilized age, in this enlightened city of Chicago, there is a body of women so lunatic that they are clamoring for the ballot!"

"Oh, my God! What is this country coming to?" groaned Mr. Symonds. "Soon we shall have no homes, if these shameless women are not suppressed. Already they have full suffrage in four States, and partial suffrage in many others."

Poor Alfred quaked at a state of society which would render a home more deserted than that of his cousins, and women more masculine than those who inhabited it. No doubt the suffrage women smoked and chewed and shaved. Doubtless they got drunk, and swindled their relations, robbed orphans and widows, and lied about their best friends, just to show the world they *would* have as many liberties as men have. "You are certainly working in a noble cause, Cousin Bettina," Alfred ventured to stammer.

"Your sister broke her leg an hour ago," said Mr. Symonds.

"Can't help that, Popper. I've too much to look after. Trained nurses can fix her up better than I can. Bye-bye! Guess I'll drop in again some time this week and take you in tow, Alfred. Ta-ta!"

Late the next afternoon Mrs. Symonds arrived, looking gray and haggard from the excitement of her anti-suffrage campaign in Iowa.

"Well, dearie, I hope you have settled 'em in that State forever," said her husband. With a troubled expression, Mrs. Symonds proceeded to relate that "the House Committee was composed of such idiots that they made an adverse report. Instead of convincing them that woman's sphere never extended beyond the boundary of the home, they said if women had the ability to make such fine speeches with no foundation to start from, what might they not accomplish with reason and justice as a basis for their arguments? In fact, the Committee said women had proved themselves too valuable adjuncts to the body politic to be allowed to hide their light under a bushel."

"You will have to give it up, Deborah," said her husband. "Let us try and live quietly in our own home."

Mrs. Symonds snapped up her partner so viciously that he fairly winced. "Surely, Mr. Symonds, you do not imagine for a moment that I would yield to your suggestion? No, indeed! After all the time I have spent on learning my speeches, after having won the distinction of being an orator, I have got better sense than to consign myself to oblivion. I am perfectly willing that you should lead the monotonous life of a clam. I will not molest you. I have entered the arena—tasted the triumphs of the platform. I prefer to leave domesticity to the simpletons who relish it. My mission in life is that of an anti-suffragist!"

Alfred found it impossible to hope that time would improve the condition of his cousin's family. Mrs. Symonds travelled around incessantly in pursuit of notoriety, while her daughters plunged into any vortex of excitement that would keep them away from home life. Mr. Symonds was like a lone conch, stranded upon a foreign shore; he clung to health foods as the last resort.

Fortunately, Alfred found his course of study at the law school absorbing. It became more intensely so as he grew interested in a fellow student—a bright chum of a girl, from Colorado. It astonished him to find in a woman so much intellectuality, combined with all the gentleness and dignity he had hitherto associated with deficiency of brains.

One day, when escorting Miss Leila Hurst to her abode, he said: "Do you know, I would like to see your State. When you return to your home at vacation, I am going to travel. May I have permission to take a peep at you?"

"Why, surely; you would be a welcome caller at my home," replied Leila, with the loveliest blush upon her fair face. "My parents were born in the old Palmetto State, and have the warmest attachment to all who hail from there."

"I hope they will fall in love with me at first sight, then, and give me a partner in my new law-office. It is only *au revoir*, Miss Hurst. I shall meet you soon again."

Time passed. It was midsummer when Alfred Searle called at a very grand residence in Denver. Carriages lined the street in front, and flocks of people were going up and down the broad steps. Al-

fred felt quite abashed at so much confusion. He presented his card, and was told that a meeting was being held. In a short time the servant returned, and ushered him through the throng to a private parlor. A few minutes later, and a vision of light entered the flower-laden room. Leila, in a pale azure gown, her star-like eyes beaming into his, stood close beside him. He caught both her little hands in his. "Oh, how I have longed for this—to see you again, Leila! I don't think I can study law any more by myself. Won't you promise me—"

At this juncture a whole bevy of young women and men appeared at the door.

"Miss Hurst! Miss Hurst!" they chorused, "we are waiting for you."

"I'm coming!" gaily answered Leila.

"Now, what in the name of thunder is the matter with those people? Can't they spare you for a little while?" grumbled Alfred, trying to catch Leila's hand once more.

"I know you will be horrified, Mr. Searle, but we are holding a primary meeting here to-day, and, much as I should like to entertain you, I cannot neglect the duties that devolve upon me."

"Lei—la!" gasped Alfred. "Is it possible that you, whom I have considered the sweetest embodiment of womanhood, should mix yourself up with a political assembly? For God's sake—"

"Alfred, Alfred, stop! You must not speak further until you have mingled with my people, and formed a judgment from your own knowledge. Purposely, I never told you of my life here, for I wished you to come and see it for yourself. My mother is a State Senator. I am a candidate for Superintendent of Education."

"Oh, but this is dreadful, Leila!" moaned Alfred, looking quite dazed and despairing.

"Not so dreadful as you think, my friend. Despise, if you will, those who ape masculinity in dress and manners—women who neglect God-given duties; but you will learn to respect the class of women who are striving to protect their homes, to educate their children, to elevate the laws, to have honest elections, conducted with propriety and decency."

"But, Leila, dear one, leave these affairs to men. We will adjust them for your best good. Don't be mixed up in these vile political intrigues!"

"For over a century, Alfred, we have been patiently waiting for you to purify the political world. According to your own statement, you have utterly failed in your attempts. Don't you think it is time now for us to interfere? We have made our homes respectable for men and women to enter, and now we are going to make the political arena respectable enough for men and women to enter without fear of defilement. Here comes mother. Mr. Searle, let me present you."

Mrs. Hurst was so gracious and sweet, and such a picture of matronly beauty, with two little girls clinging to her, that Alfred was forced to admit to himself that she was entirely different from any political female his fancies had conjured up. In a soft, coaxing voice, Mrs. Hurst persuaded Alfred to be a looker-on at a Denver primary.

How surprising it was to find, instead

of a rude, knock-me down crowd, such as he had been accustomed to see in his own State, a gathering of persons such as one would have expected to encounter at an afternoon tea! Young ladies, attractively and modestly attired, were presiding at tea-tables in the corners of the rooms. Leila, with enchanting grace, was talking and smiling and winning votes by her ready wit and charm of manner. It dawned upon Alfred at last that political women were not the fiends that prejudice had painted them. This Denver primary, held at a lady's house, was an eye-opener.

The next morning early, he was back in the violet-scented boudoir. Claspings Leila's hand in his, his soft brown eyes gazing beseechingly into hers, he said: "I have come to ask your forgiveness, dear. I have come to ask you to be my partner through life. I need you in my home. I need you in my office. I need you always in my heart."

"But, Alfred, are you sure you approve of me? I want no 'little rift within the lute' to separate us."

"You have won me over, dearest. I could not have helped loving you anyhow; but, now that I know you more, respect and reverence are added to my love."

"Then we are partners, dear," she whispered.

"Yes," he said, clasping her in his arms, "I have joined the ranks of the woman suffragists forever!"

—Woman's Journal.

A BRAVE GIRL

Lulu Fairservice, fifteen years of age, has just been made an honorary member of one of the fire companies of Belleville, N. J. Lightning struck the barn belonging to the Fairservice family and the roof was set on fire. The father ran to give the alarm and the daughter to save the horses. As she opened the door, burning hay from the loft fell on her, but she succeeded in reaching the stables and turning two of the animals loose. The third was frightened and refused to go, and when some of the hay fell, it reared and kicked, and its brave little rescuer was in double peril. At last she succeeded in quieting it, and, throwing her apron over its eyes, coaxed it into the yard, just as the roof fell in. Then Lulu went over to the adjoining shed and began to lead out the cows. She had them in a safe place by the time the firemen came, and all they had to do was to save the house. When it was all over the firemen showed their recognition of the girl's work by electing her to honorary membership.

A fac-simile of the last number of the WOMAN'S COLUMN is issued as a leaflet, entitled "Progress," from the National Suffrage Headquarters, 2008 American Tract Society Building, New York City, and may be ordered from that address in quantities, for distribution.

The Yellow Ribbon Speaker

Equal Rights Readings and Recitations, in Prose and Verse, compiled by REV. ANNA H. SHAW, ALICE STONE BLACKWELL, and LUCY E. ANTHONY. For sale at WOMAN'S JOURNAL Office, Park St., Boston, Mass. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

MRS. MARY A. ELITCH has declined the nomination for the Colorado House of Representatives on the Republican ticket from Arapahoe County. Mrs. Thalia A. Rhoads, wife of A. G. Rhoads, and former county superintendent of public instruction, has been named to fill the vacancy. The *Denver Times* says of Mrs. Rhoads: "She is one of Denver's most prominent women, and a pioneer in the fight for good government in the city."

The *Boston Daily Globe* of Oct. 15, in a double headed leading editorial, calls attention to the fact that this year the women of Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado are going to vote, and adds: "Wouldn't it be strange if the votes of those States should, in the nip and tuck of the final count, decide the election, so that the next president may hold his seat by virtue of the votes of a few women? Such a contingency is not only possible, but some good judges declare that the signs are unmistakably pointing that way. In that case the joke would certainly be on the side of the women."

REV. ELLA GROENDYKE, of Hartford City, Ind., sister of Rev. Montgomery Groendyke, has been sent to Sierra Leone, where the massacres of missionaries occurred a year ago. Miss Groendyke has spent four years in Africa. She will reconstruct the mission buildings which were destroyed at the time. When it is a question of a woman's going to some distant and malarious region and exposing herself to massacre, no doctor of divinity quotes the text, "Let the women be keepers at home." But if it were proposed to let her go fifteen minutes' walk from home to the *banquet* that would be another story.

MRS. EMMA J. MCVICKER has been appointed by Gov. Wells of Utah as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. John R. Park. The appointment holds until next January, when the candidate chosen at the coming election will succeed to the office. The Governor considered A. C. Nelson, the nominee on the Republican ticket, the logical candidate for this appointment, but Mr. Nelson declined in favor of Mrs. McVicker, for the reason that he thought she had a prior claim, because she was the nominee of the Republican convention in 1895, but withdrew for legal reasons.

A series of articles on the "Public Schools" has been appearing in the *Boston Transcript*, and a strong plea is made to women to vote. There is much solid common-sense in the following:

The woman who has time to buy ribbons once a month has time to register once in a lifetime. If she is not afraid to answer the questions when she takes out a book at a savings bank, she will find it no more unpleasant to answer the same questions when she registers. If she has strength and nerve enough to do shopping on Winter Street on a bright day, she will find the quiet five minutes in her voting-booth, when she marks her ballot, a laughably easy matter. If she is well enough to go to the theatre or to church on a rainy day, she is well enough to vote on a rainy day. If she says she knows nothing about school matters, and would vote unintelligently, let her nevertheless register. After the nominations are made, let her take the same pains as she

takes in selecting a dressmaker or French teacher or physician, and she cannot be blamed.

MRS. MAUFF, FLORIST.

Mrs. Rosalie Mauff is one of the oldest and most prominent business women in Denver, Col., says the *Daily Times* of that city. Seventeen years ago Mrs. Mauff had one small hothouse heated by a stove. To-day she is the sole owner of the largest greenhouses in the West. Her six greenhouses on Logan Avenue are mostly devoted to palms and ferns. The cut flowers are raised in Harman, where there are twelve large houses, and the only asparagus farmhouses in the West. Mrs. Mauff is a native of Germany, and a woman of rare business ability. She manages every detail of the business herself, from planting the seeds to decorating the churches.

CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM IN CONNECTICUT.

A Constitutional Reform Association has just been organized in Connecticut, to secure a thorough revision of the State Constitution, and is sending letters to every candidate for the Legislative Assembly, asking, among others, the following questions:

Are you in favor of election of State officers by a plurality vote?

Are you in favor of a change in the composition of the House of Representatives, so that the people *per capita* may be represented in that body rather than towns as municipalities, provided that each town has individual representatives?

What changes, if any, would you deem it wise to make in the composition of the Senate?

The list of members is rapidly increasing, and is composed of men prominent in every walk of life, belonging to all political parties.

Now, then, suffragists of Connecticut, here is your golden opportunity! The pool of Siloam is stirred. It is your privilege and your duty to enter it and be cured. Let every man and woman of you join the Association and give your hearty coöperation. When the new constitution is framed, see to it that to every citizen, woman or man, is granted equal representation in the government of State and nation.

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

PORTO RICAN BOYS AND GIRLS.

At the request which President Harper of Chicago University received from M. G. Bumbaugh, Commissioner of Education in Porto Rico, ten Porto-Rican boys are to be admitted to the Morgan Park Academy, tuition free. Commissioner Bumbaugh says that there are hundreds of "intelligent Porto-Rican boys and girls exceedingly anxious to receive education in the United States," but financially unable to do so. The boys' travelling expenses are to be paid by the government and the trustees hope that some charitably inclined person will offer to pay their living expenses.

This is highly commendable, but why should the Porto-Rican girls be ignored? Will not some public-spirited American institution offer free tuition to

ten Porto-Rican girls? and will not some charitably inclined person offer to pay their living expenses? Doubtless our government would pay the girls' travelling expenses. Let suffragists throughout the country move in this matter.

It should be known in this connection that Commissioner Bumbaugh is not responsible for the omission of girls. His request named both boys and girls. It is the University of Chicago which responded with the offer for boys only. We trust that some other coeducational institution will supply the omission.

LOUISIANA WOMEN AT WORK.

The New Orleans *Picayune* warmly promotes the interests of the Louisiana booth at the coming Suffrage Bazar. It says:

All the members of the Era Club, and, in fact, all who are interested in the cause of suffrage, will be glad to know that the prospects for the Suffrage Bazar, to be held in Madison Square Garden from the 3d to the 8th of December, are most flattering. Every State seems to be anxious to have her booth carry off the honors, both artistically and financially. Miss Jeannie Gordon, chairman for the Louisiana booth, reports most encouraging results from the circular letter sent out by her in August. In this letter Miss Gordon asked for contributions of "fancy work, paper flowers, preserves of any kind, especially figs, sugar, sugar cane, molasses, rice, pecans, cotton, cotton bolls, and money." Certainly in all that long list nearly every woman can find some one thing that she can contribute.

The Bazar promises to be a most brilliant affair. It will be an excellent opportunity for our home manufacturers to advertise their goods, as there will be representatives from every State. Many Western firms are going to take advantage of it by donating some of their produce. Let our merchants profit by this suggestion.

A BOYCOTT ON MATRIMONY.

Uncle Sam does not wish to encourage matrimony among the women clerks in the post-office department. Proof of this is the case of Mrs. John J. Williams, formerly Mrs. Annie Daily.

Mrs. Williams, then Mrs. Daily, was postmistress at Irvington, Ind., until that office was abolished several months ago; thereafter she had a clerkship in the Indianapolis office. Three weeks ago she became the wife of John J. Williams.

Postmaster McGinnis tried to retain her in her position until Jan. 1, but the department authorities at Washington ruled that women who marry must leave the service.—*N. Y. Sun*.

MISS MARGARET STOKES, who died the other day at Howth, County Dublin, was a distinguished Irish archaeologist and antiquary. She was the daughter of the late Dr. William Stokes, a former president of the Royal Irish Academy.

MRS. MORGAN BUTLER, of Peru, Ind., has become commercial traveller for a mitten factory. Mrs. Butler's husband held the position for years, but was recently stricken with paralysis, and his wife has stepped into the vacancy. Thus far she has been successful.